THE ROUT.

A

FARCE

OF TWO ACTS

As it is perform'd at the THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

LONDON:

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M DCC LVIII.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE origin of this Farce, was a thought in one of the INSPECTORS. My purpoſe in putting it into the preſent form was to ſerve the moſt uſeful of our public charities. I am afraid I have not beſtowed ſo much attention upon finiſhing it as thoſe who write for fame or profit: but it will appear better when Mrs. *Clive* acts her part.

Two things which have been ſaid require their anſwer: no perſonal attack was intended in the piece; nor would I have it underſtood to be the gentleman's, thro' whoſe hands it paſſed, for I think it is not worthy of him. There is ſomething ſingular to be ſaid about it farther: but not now.

Dec. 23. The AUTHOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONNÆ.

MEN.

FEEBLE, an old debauchee	Mr. *Yates.*
Sir WILLIAM WHEEDLE,	Mr. *Palmer.*
FELIX, Son to FEEBLE	Mr. *Obrien.*
FRIENDLY, an acquaintance of FELIX	Mr. *Packer*
BLUNDERBUSS.	Mr. *Bransby.*
BALLOON.	Mr. *Blakes.*

WOMEN.

Mrs. FURBELOW	Mrs. *Bennet.*
RHODAMINTHA, her daughter	Miſs *Barton,*
Lady NEVER-SETTLE	Miſs *Pritchard.*

Lumber of the Rout, Servants, &c.

THE ROUT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *At Mrs.* FURBELOW's.

Sir *William Wheedle*, ſolus.

THERE's no reward for merit in this iron age——they ſay the wealth of fools is the eſtate of men of parts——yet I ſtarve——if this ſcheme upon *Feeble* diſappoints me——

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lady deſires you'll walk in.

Scene opens. *Mrs.* Furbelow, Rhodamintha, *and* *Sir* William.

Sir. *Wil.* So, *Beſs!*

Furb. Rhodamintha, if you pleaſe.

Sir *Wil.* Firſt buſineſs, madam, and then compliments

pliments——are you ſatisfied with my propoſal——let *Bet* give me a bond for a thouſand pounds and I'll marry her to *Feeble*.

Furb. We'll give you the bond when ſhe is married.

Sir *Wil.* I won't truſt you.

Miſs. Suppoſe he don't marry one.

Sir *Wil.* I'll give it you again,——— you don't think I'd hurt you.

Furb. Well, it ſhall be as you pleaſe.

Sir *Wil.* Bring pen and ink, I have a bond in my pocket. [*Miſs ſigns it.*] Here, madam—— you and *Edward* witneſs. [*They ſign.*] You ſhall be Mrs. *Feeble* to-morrow——I can talk the doating coxcomb into any thing——but mind your own cue——praiſe him——flatter him enough——and he'll do what you pleaſe——

Furb. You take him for——

Sir *Wil.* A fool of faſhion——a living martyr to debauchery——if you will call it living, when a man has out-liv'd all his powers and faculties.

Furb. You wou'd not perſuade him, he has out-liv'd them!

Sir *Wil.* Heaven forbid——but that's his character: only the maſter ſtroke is credulity.——When young he was an infidel, and would believe nothing——and to make amends for it now—— he believes every thing. Tho' half blind he is in raptures with beauty; tho' half lame he doats upon dancing; and tho' wholly impotent, he's a profeſs'd rake. He has the remembrance of theſe faculties, and he takes it for the faculties themſelves. A glutton without a throat——and, without teeth or taſte, an Epicure.

Enter

Enter Blunderbuſs *and* Balloon.

Sir *Wil.* Servant, General *Blunderbuſs.*

Blund. Servant, Mr. *Wheedle*——Pray, ſir, what buſineſs have you to be here before us——all above board, or I'll blow you.

Furb. Dear, Mr. *Blunder*——don't let us quarrel——What's the matter.

Blund. I brought the girl----if he found him----I'll have a fair fifth.

Ball. And I.

Sir *Wil.* Why, you ſurly puppy, ſo you ſhall. Who means any other? Mind——you muſt both be Miſs *Rhodamintha*'s lovers. She and her mother are not blown yet; but we don't know what may happen. The ſooner we finiſh the better——Depend upon it you ſhall have a fair diviſion.

Bal. This devil of a ſon is all my fear: this *Felix.*

Sir *Wil.* Oh, never mind him. The old fellow only wants to be ſure——ſhe is a gentlewoman.

Bal. How have you managed that?

Sir *Wil.* Why mind——and know how much I have been your friend.——We'll have a Rout to night.

Blund. A Rout.

Furb. Aye, what do you think of that?

Sir *Wil.* I have got the promiſe of my lord *Dimple* and my lady *Sugarcane*; and eight or ten more real people of faſhion I'll take care ſhall be there. They'll come any where to cards. We'll have the two new Dutcheſſes——I can bring them——They were a couple of us——t'other day.

Bal. Well——

Sir *Wil.* Well! why, do you and *Blunder* get a couple of coats with ſtars upon them——I'll paſs you for lords that have been a good while out of

town

town, and turn you looſe amongſt the company—There will be a great many of *us* there.——Mind who you play with——

Blund. There's ſomething in this.

Sir *Wil.* Is there?——*Feeble* will be ſatisfy'd by ſeeing ſuch company——*Befs* is a Gentlewoman: and you may pick their pockets——Go, dreſs you immediately, you'll make the better lovers.

Bal. Won't he diſcover us——

Sir *Wil.* He can't ſee the length of his noſe. As to quality he wants to know 'em——but he don't——you may paſs for who you pleaſe.

Blund. I'll be a duke.

Sir *Wil.* Your grace ſhall be right welcome——Madam, my lord duke of *Doublewater*——Shew your ſhapes, you raſcal.

Blund. People of my quality——

Sir *Wil.* Very well.

Blund. The higher my title, the more I can play for.

Bal. I'll have what I win.

Furb. All ſhall be divided——that I inſiſt——but what can I do!——

Sir *Wil.* Can you ſhuffle a pack of cards——Can you ſtand at the door and make curtſies——Can you ſay, Does your ladyſhip play ſilver or gold.

Furb. Yes, ſure!

Sir *Will.* What has a woman to do elſe that has a rout in her houſe. Come, get you away——get you both away to him——I'll be there before you——but ſend *Trolly* firſt——Keep him warm——if he cools, all's over.

SCENE

SCENE SECOND. *The Park.*

Felix *and* Friendly.

Friendly *offering his purſe*—Felix *putting it back.*

Fel. Thank ye, dear *Charles*——I thank you—but I cannot——I cannot bear to be oblig'd to you——I have my father's ſpirit———if I have nothing elſe of him.

Fr. Your father's———damn the

Fel. Pray let me ſtop you——for tho' unnatural, he is my father.

Fr. What do you propoſe to do? He'll be marry'd to this ſtrumpet by to-morrow.

Fel. I will try him once again in my own form—Perhaps nature yet may work upon him.——If not, my whole project ſhall come into play, and you, dear *Charles*, muſt be a buſy actor.

Fr. Your gipſey project———I have no conception of it.

Fel. In the dreſs of one of thoſe creatures, and by their gibberidge and a yellow face I got into the houſe, and ſaw him yeſterday: his eyes are bad, he had not the leaſt ſuſpicion it was me.

Fr. Well.

Fel. Oh, he's ſo credulous——I can do what I will with him——he doubted nothing that I told him.

Fr. Then you let him know this *Rhodamintha* was a common creature.

Fel. Oh, by no means———that were too deſperate a caſt. If I depended upon that, and they perſuaded him the contrary——as, curſe of their ſubtilty, they have been too hard for me in every thing,———I ſhould have no reſource.

Fr.

Fr. What did you tell him?

Fel. That ſhe was a woman of honour.

Fr. What the devil cou'd you mean by that—to ruin yourſelf.

Fel. I'll tell you———I ſhall go to him again this moment——If I can prevail with him to hear me, I can ſoon unweave this ſlight web of my own cunning.

Fr. He'll never liſten to you.

Fel. Then I am ready with my other ſcheme—By the ſervice I have done Mrs. *Furbelow*, I ſhall make my way into her houſe; I'll offer them my aſſiſtance, and ſo get into their ſecrets. This Rout, which is deſign'd to enſnare my father, I know is to be made up of ſharpers, with a few of thoſe infatuated people of faſhion, who will mix with any body for the ſake of play.——I'll take 'em all into cuſtody.

Fr. This has a face, indeed.

Fel. Do you be ready with conſtables——I'll ſhew them who to ſpare——and for the reſt, Bridewell and whipping poſts.——

Fr. I apprehend you, and I will be ready.

Fel. We'll try the mild way firſt.

Fr. I'll go with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Feeble *at his Toilet—the Dentiſt, Oculiſt, Dreſſer and Painter attending; the Operator for the Nails at work.*

Feeble.

Very well!—excellently well, Mr. *Unguiculator*, nothing more this morning.——Mr. *Ultra Marine* come hither, a touch of red upon theſe knuckles, and ſome azure upon the nails—here bring him the

Oriental

Oriental Onyx for a model——Mr. *Deficience*, theſe two teeth did not fill out my cheek yeſterday, there muſt be three this evening.——

Defic. Sir, I am provided.——

Feeb. If the teeth were for eating, you wou'd have been right before; but my cheek wanted roundneſs.

Defic. Your honour had better have a pair of intire jaws.

Feeb. And grin like *Madam Mantiger*, oh! you monſter! come, *Ultra Marine*——my face——more—more vermillion——more——and here—pray——pray fill in theſe curſed crow's feet: they tear my heart ſtrings.——

Ultra M. Sir, its impoſſible to ſee them now.

Feeb. Not ſee them——cart ruts, coach ways, the river of the *Amazons* does not make ſuch a figure in the map. Fill in for heaven's ſake.

Ultra M. Sure its very well now, Sir.

Feeb. I muſt be content for to day——but it does not do,——I muſt get ſome of my Lady *Bloom*'s enamel—There, finiſh my eye-brows; pencil in a dozen or two of hairs more on each ſide—ſo—my wig——why, very well—very well, if it is not a hair's breadth too high at the top.

Dreſſer. Sir, not the thouſandth part of a hair.

Feeb. Nor this ſwelling at the ears,——ſure, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-'em.*

Dreſſer. The very mode of *Paris*, Sir, upon my honour.——A *French* man's head is now the exact ſhape of a ſugar-loaf.

Feeb. Nay, if you're ſure of that.——Come, Sir,——my eye.

Oculiſt. Here my good patron.

Feeb. And now for conqueſt.——Ha! it muſt be a ſtrange inſenſible creature, gentlemen, that is not ſmitten with me.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir *William Wheedle.* [*Enter Sir* William.

Sir *Will.* At your toilet, Mr. *Feeble*——why 'tis five o'clock——but I beg theſe gentlemen's pardon——a day is a trifle for ſuch accompliſh'd excellence,—if it had been a month it anſwers—a figure like yours is one of thoſe pieces to which an artiſt ſhould devote his life: for the reward is immortality.

Feeb. On my ſalvation not an hour——I don't riſe till evening. If a man would have is eyes look well they ſhou'd never ſee day-light——It contracts the *Pupil*, and they want ſpirit for the night. Am I not right, doctor——I had it from your lectures.

Oculiſt. Moſt critically, your honour.

Feeb. Is it not ſeen in the effect, Sir *William?*

Sir *Will.* Seen—Oh, Friend, what a ſpirit, what a fire, what force, the ſoul ſhines there——

Feeb. Pooh, piſh, pooh.

Sir *Will.* Sir.

Occuliſt. Sir, it is me you are pleaſed to compliment, the eye you look at is the artificial one.

[Feeble *pays off the Levee and exeunt.*

Sir *Will.* Hell and the devil.

Enter *Servant.*

Serv. Sir, Mrs. *Trolly.*

Enter *Trolly.*

Trolly. Sir, my lady is coming.—ſhe has ſomething particularly to ſay to you.

Feeb. Oh! *Rhodaminsha*, angel of my ſoul——dear *Trolly*, let me kiſs that little finger, which but an hour ago has pinn'd her petticoat——Here, *(gives her money)* Oh, theſe girls, Sir *William.*

Sir

Sir *Will.* Your generoſity, Sir, never had bounds, it is the *Nile*, overflowing and enriching kingdoms: But how you look to night——you are always charming—but now—ſuch an air, ſuch life, ſuch elegance! I think your perſon has reſolved to day to diſpute the prize againſt your mind.

Feeb. I hate all quarrels.

Sir *Will.* What a reply——what keenneſs, what a manner—I am ſure *mind* has it now—oh, Mr. *Feeble*——but I hate flattery—how does your heavenly daughter——the ſweet *Mawkin?*

Feeb. A chit——a chit——but you are partial to all that belongs to me.

Sir *Will.* An angel—had ſhe lived in *Raphael's* time I ſhould have ſwore ſhe had ſat for his firſt *Cherubim.*

Feeb. Now I proteſt I don't think ſhe is ſo handſome.

Sir *Will.* Why, there again——O Mr. *Feeble*—when ſhall I have done admiring you——the modeſty of that——becauſe ſhe is your own——if ſhe had been any body but your daughter, you would have died for her *yourſelf*; you could not have eſcaped, you have ſo much taſte and judgment.

Feeb. Sir *William*, I am always happy when I ſee *you.*

Sir *Will.* A poor *blunt* man——too apt to ſpeak my *mind.*

Feeb. No—not about my daughter.

Sir *Will.* By my ſoul.——Heavens, what a *figure*, what an air in dreſs.

Feeb. A doll, Sir *William*, a mere doll dreſſed in ribbons, like a May-day garland.

Sir *Will.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Feeb. Why——why——d'ye——

Sir *Will.* O give me leave to laugh——a May-day garland——Ha, ha, ha. You monſter, where do you pick up all theſe ſimilies?

Feeb. I think you inſpire me.

Sir *Will.* Fie, Mr. *Feeble*, I reflect a little. You might as well ſay your glaſs gives you that *glow*, that *air*, thoſe eyes, and the inimitable *graces*, that good ſenſe ſtrews over the reverend ſilver of *ripe* age——I am only ſuch *glaſs*, and what you ſee is nothing but yourſelf truely: tho' imperfectly repreſented.

Feeb. You think I've a good colour!

Sir *Will. Sangrado*, could not bleed you out of it——I think, upon my ſoul, your years are *retrogade*, and every one that paſſes makes you younger.

Feeb. Take *Mawkin*——take my daughter, and for a fortune——

Enter Mrs. Furbelow *and Miſs* Rhodamintha.

O, *Rhodamintha*, you are born to ſhine.

Sir *Will.* And you to place her in the ſphere——That was a glory, Sir, reſerved for your great taſte and ſpirit. I ſee her dazzle courts, I ſee the women faint at her appearance. I hear the men curſing her happy huſband: and tho' they can't deny that you deſerve her, yet envying your fortune.

Feeb. Well, you have conquer'd——your rhetoric and her eyes——O the bewitching twinklers, let me kiſs them.

Miſs. Conquer'd!——Indeed!——It's well I love you, Mr. *Feeble*, or that inſolence——conquer'd—but you have conquer'd me, and take me.

Feeb. Sir *William*, you'll be father——fetch a parſon——ye little traitoreſs, I did not think to have married yet, till I wanton'd away a few more years

years——but I believe your charms will keep me conſtant.

Miſs. I wanted to have ſpoke with you, but here comes one I cannot bear to look upon——Come, Madam——We'll expect you, Sir, at home——*Trolly*, do you ſtay, and mind. [*Ex.* Furb. *and* Rho.

Enter Felix.

Feeb. Why how now diſobedience——how came you here——It was but yeſterday I forbid you my doors: and this morning *Pulville*, honeſt *Pulville* here, found you in the library, with all the cold things in the houſe before you, cramming like a *Lord Mayor* and ten *Aldermen*. I thought ſorrow ſpoil'd folks ſtomach——but you—ſirrah, what brought you back.

Fel. Buſineſs of life and death,——as *Pulville*, honeſt *Pulvile*, has inform'd you.

Feeb, Do you mock me?

Fel. Will you be pleaſed to hear me?

Feeb. No——this tall *raſcal* makes me look like an old fellow, I muſt baniſh him——hang him, I can't bear his ſight. What can you have to ſay for yourſelf?

Fel. Very little.

Feeb. Have not you told me a thouſand ſcandalous and grundleſs falſities——attempted to impoſe upon me?—have not you?

Fel. I own I have deſerved all your diſpleaſure.

Feeb. Traduced my *Rhodamintha!*

Fel. Oh, Sir.

Feeb. Why then, what would you have of me?

Fel. Bread——I am not the firſt young man that has done a fault; ſet an example, Sir, and let me be the firſt that ever was forgiven.

Feeb. Sirrah,

Fel. I did not mean to offend you.——

Feeb. You ſee I'm buſy.

Fel. And I am miſerable.

Feeb. What would you have of me, my blood!

Fel. Firſt, Sir, your pardon.

Feeb. Well, well, I pardon you,——go, go, about your buſineſs.

Sir *Will.* If he were my ſon——

Feeb. Sirrah get out of my doors——

Fel. Sir, I own my faults, and have ſo deep a ſenſe of them, I ſhall not eaſily offend again. But do not, by diſcarding me for ever, plunge me into worſe.

Feeb. I will have nothing to ſay to you.

Fel. Unhappy *Felix*.

Feeb. *Felix*, yes, you was well chriſten'd to be ſure——*Felix quem faciunt*. Happy are they that can do ſome thing for themſelves. What, I have not been at *Oxford* for nothing.

Fel. Oh, Sir——'tis vain to try him farther—nothing will move him. [*Exit* Felix.

Feeb. Ah *Rhodamintha*! *Trolly* come here, how do I look girl, ha!

Trol. Divinely. [*he capers*] but don't be ſo nimble and robuſterous, don't be ſo fond of ſhewing your veracity.

Feeb. Don't you think there is ſome little allurement in my perſon. [*coming forward with Sir* Wil.] O Sir *William*, let me unfold the ſecrets of my heart—when I recollect all that has been told me—I cannot think of marrying this creature. When ſhe is preſent I'm intoxicated, but when ſhe is from me, I remember ſuch things; ſuch things Sir *William*——if ſhe were a woman of honour.

Sir *Wil.* Sir——

Feeb.

Feeb. I'd give up all my future years of gallantry, and marry her.

Sir *Wil.* Sir, did I hear you right——if '*Rhodamintha* was a woman of honour——good heaven, what ſhou'd make you doubt that.

Feeb. All the young fellows of my acquaintance ſwear they have had affairs with her.

Sir *Wil.* Malice——becauſe ſhe has refuſed them; becauſe ſhe has deſpiſed them all for you.

Feeb. Aye, but the women——

Sir *Wil.* Envy Sir, mere envy——is not ſhe handſomer than all of 'em.

Feeb. Really do you think that's all.

Sir *Wil.* Upon my ſoul and honour——do you think I'd deceive you——do you believe I am your friend——

Feeb. Enough.

Enter Pulville.

Pul. Here's a rude porter, Sir, has got a letter for you, and he will give it to no body but yourſelf.

Enter Friendly. [*as a porter*]

Feeb. Bring him in——well, raſcal, where had you your education——who ſent you——what letter is it, ha!

Fr. An't pleaſe your honour, my lord duke ſent me.

Feeb. Hah! my lord duke——I beg——I beg your pardon. [*reads*] 'Sir *William Wheedle* is a 'common cheat—the girl is brought out of *Man*-'*gle-Alley*; where her mother kept a common Bro-'thel——'tis a conſpiracy to ruin you.'

Sir *Wil.* What the devil is this.

Feeb.

Feeb. Here, you porter——who did you ſay gave you this letter? there's no name to it

Sir *Wil.* Sir, what is it!

Free. O Mankind—Mankind—get about your buſineſs ſycophant! and tell your fellow cheats——

Sir *Wil.* Sir.

Feeb. Sir, go about your buſineſs, for I know you, you——There, there, there!

Sir *Wil.* Pray let me ſee the letter——this is ſome trick of your ſons;—and you ſhould not——

Feeb. My ſons——no, no, it's no trick of my ſons—here, honeſt fellow, tell him who ſent you——

Fr. It was the duke of *Doncaſter*, he gave me half a crown to give it to your own hands, and bad me tell you, you might depend upon it, that every word in it was true.

Sir *Wil.* You are deceived——there's no ſuch perſon in the world.

Feeb. Ha.

Sir *Wil.* No duke of *Doncaſter*, there's no ſuch title——and for this raſcal, ha——this is no porter——I'll take my oath, this is the ſame perſon that I ſaw this morning in the park with *Felix*, as I was coming to you.

Fr. Well, raſcal——

Sir *Wil.* Now Sir, are you ſatisfied.

Feeb. Seize him——lay hold of the impoſtor.

Sir *Wil.* Is it no trick of your ſons?

Feeb. Drag him away to juſtice——I'll have him——

Sir *Wil.* Another time, don't be ſo credulous——credulity will be your ruin Mr. *Feeble*——or I am much miſtaken. [*aſide*]

Feeb. Take him to the horſe pond—to the——

[*falls into a fit of coughing, with paſſion.*

Sir *Wil.* Ah, Sir——your eye is burſt.

Pul.

Pul. Your face is cracking to pieces.

Feeb. Pump him——the villain—drag him!

Trol. Sir here's your tooth.

Feeb. Sir *William*——dear Sir *William.*

Sir *Wil.* Here——run after the *Gentlemen*, call e'm all back again. [*Exeunt Sir* Wil. *leading off* Feeble.

SCENE IV. *At Mrs.* Furbelows.

Enter Mrs. Furbellow, Blunder, *and* Balloon, *dreſs'd.*

Fur. Very well gentlemen——indeed you are very well——this is, a buſy day——you are very well, get in.—— [*Exitt* Blunt *and* Ball.

Here. *Robin*, *Richard*, *Edward.* [*Enter* Servants] Stir, ſtir—or ſhe ſhall never be ready——have you laid the Scoth coal *Robin?* But don't ſtir it up this half hour——*Richard* run you with theſe cards of remembrance to their *graces*, preſent my deareſt compliments: for the whole world—I beg their *graces* would not diſappoint me, we ſhall have a great deal of good company——beg them to come, if it is but for a minute——only to come ——I'll take care their *graces* ſhan't be crowded ——fly——*Edward!*

Edw. Here madam.

Fur. Do you take the black liſt——go to my couſin *Mahogany*, and Mrs. *Ferrett*; tell them we ſhall be glad of their company to-morrow——mind to-morrow——tell them we are gone out of town to day——we ſhall lye out of town——but we ſhall be at home to receive them to morrow: the ſame to all the others in that paper——be ſure don't let them come—you have diſcretion, *Edward* ——I wou'd not for the univerſe their *graces* thought I let in ſuch people——very well, O *Robin*

bin run get eighteen packs of cards, and buy a pound and a half more——O we ſhall never be in order. [*whiſpers.*

[*Servant delivers a Card*]

Ser. From Mrs. *Shuffle*, madam.

Fur. [*reading the card*]——umh!——umh!——umph——'won't come unleſs you ſet me at the gold table,' very well——marry, come up, indeed, my dirty couſin——I have brought you into, life I think, for ſomething——who brought this.

Ser. Mrs. *Minikin.*

Fur. Deſire her to come in. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Minikin.

Fur. Tell her *I won't* unleſs I go her *halves*——it's worth while, indeed, to let people make a fortune in my houſe——and nothing for myſelf but the card money.

Min. I'll tell my lady, madam.

Fur. She may be thankful I invited her——this is my *quality* rout, their *graces* will be here——I don't aſk every body to day——I aſſure her Mrs. *Minikin.* [*Exit* Minikin.

Enter Miſs *and* Trolly.

Miſs. Well, madam, how am I——how do I look?

Fur. Too pale, I think, too pale.

Miſs. Here *Trolly*——the red——how am I dreſs'd.

Fur. Very elegant——if not a little too theatrical.

Miſs. I wonder my old noodle is not come.

Trol. O, madam, a moſt lamentable accident——after you went.

Fur.

Fur. Ha?

Miſs. He has not broke his neck!

Fur. Heaven forbid he ſhould before to morrow.

Trol. O no harm m'am, but you won't ſee him this half hour.

Enter Sir William.

Sir *Wil.* I have hook'd your gudgeon faſt—— we had the devil to do after you went: but he's ſecure now, you may draw him up when you pleaſe ——he had his ſcruples, but they are *over*. He'll be here immediately; and nothing in his head but matrimony.

Fur. You are our better genius——dear *Trolly*, now your lady's dreſs'd, help to get things in order: we ſhall never be ready by that time their *graces* come.

Miſs. O never fear——if we are a little *derangé* it's the more genteel: they know I deteſt formality.

Fur. But do you realy think their *graces* will be here?

Miſs. Truly! I ſhou'd be glad——to ſee a little paultry dutcheſs give herſelf airs to me.

Fur. Ha?

Miſs. It's your fault that I was not one myſelf by this time——you remember my lord---- but its no matter—I ſhall be my own miſtreſs one day.—— when I'm the widow *Feeble*——I'll ſee whether I can't draggle a coronation robe with the beſt of 'em,

I ſcorn your high born beauties bred to ſtate!
Give me the woman that commands her fate.

[*Exunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *At Mrs.* FURBELOW's.

Feeble *alone.*

Feeb. I I am reſolv'd——I'll hear no more againſt her——Sir *William* has convinc'd me ſhe is a woman of reputation; and I'll marry her——yet it's ſomething hard too——with this figure.—I don't wonder my lord *Brawn* and Mr. *Slender* marry——but I think——this face ſhould command beauty without thoſe incumbrances——virtue ſhould be ſurrendered at diſcretion to ſuch people as I am——theſe curs'd capitulations, fully the glories of the triumph——But her charms!——I muſt *ſubmit*——*Cupid*, farewell.

Enter Mrs. Furbelow, Miſs, *and Sir* William.

Hymen receive thy votary——O *Rhodimintha.*

Enter Blunder *in the Character of duke of* Double-water, *ſpeaking to his Servant.*

Blun. Clean up my campaign ſword——ſee the the double barrel'd piſtols are well prim'd, and put ſix and fifty bullets into the muſkettoon——ſervant Mr. *Feeble.* Ladies your moſt devoted. The hero has no greater pride than thus to lay his trophies at the fair one's feet.

Enter Balloon, *as lord* Learned.

Feeb.

Feeb. There the diſpairing lover lays his heart.

Blun. It's very well Mr. *Feeble*——It's very well.

Ball. And there ſcholar——Oh, madam——if you wou'd permit me to ponr before you the ſtores and ſtreams of knowledge, which I have drain'd from *Titus Livius*, and *Virgilius Maro*, from *Marcus Tullius*, and *Thucydides*, from *Lonicerus*, and *Alonzo Barba*.

Miſs. Not for the world—you'll drown us——

Ball. Madam, if the ſpirit of all theſe ſages conſpir'd to——inform one man——he'd be a fool to you.

Sir *Wil.* Well ſaid, my lord——you have not read for nothing——

Blun. May be not ſo well ſaid, neither——ſtand you out of the way,---my lord *Learned*---I deſire to know what you mean by this.

Ball. To pleaſe the lady——and if I cou'd ſucceed, God's I ſhould look down upon you——

Blun. Sir, I'd have you to know, no body ſhall pleaſe that lady but myſelf.

Sir *Wil.* That's civil, my lord duke——

Blun. Civil or not civil .Sir, fiddlednm, faddledum, it is true : and he that doubts it.——

Miſs. Theſe are ſtrange liberties your grace is pleas'd to take——people of our condition——I muſt tell you my lord duke——

Mrs. *Fur.* Oh, never mind her my lord, a mad girl : I beg your grace won't mind her——I'll be your advocate.

Blun. Then tell her, madam, I don't underſtand this treatment. I am a nobleman and a ſoldier, and if I am affronted. (*Mrs.* Furbelow *ſpeaking to Miſs*) I ſhall demand ſatisfaction, whether it be man or woman—take her by ſtorm, that's the ſhort way, I am a *Briton* of the old corps, I.'twas ſo we

did in *Nan*'s time, force the gates at once, 'twas no dilly dallying then.—— [*takes her by the hand.*

Miſs. My lord ſtand off—for I'll not bear this—

Blun. Then here I draw my lines—then now yield or ſtarve.

Feeb. Madam, I ſent my demiſemies——

Blun. Damn your ſamdimidemmies—I thought, Sir, I had warn'd you but juſt now——and if I ſee you here again, I'll blind you with the duſt of your periwig——bombs, carcaſſes, damnation and deſtruction.

Miſs. My lord, I am aſhamed to ſee this—— Mr. *Feeble.* [*he approaches.*

Blun. Sir, keep your diſtance.

Feeb. I have a meſſage to that lady.

Blun. From whom.

Feeb. From the *Idalian* grove.

Blun. Ha.

Feeb. And bright Cytheron.

Blun. Sir, where is the *Italian* grove, ha? Tell me who is *Theron*.

Feeb. The lover of *Aſpaſia*.

Blun. Damn your nonſenſe.

Miſs. My lord you're impudent— no rank nor title gives a right to this—— and you abuſe them. Mr. *Feeble*, give me your hand——now what have you to ſay to him.

Feeb. Brighteſt of ſtars, you are a deity incarnate!

Blun. Let me come at him——

Sir *Wil.* O good your grace.

Blun. Incarnate! abuſe my miſtreſs Sir before my face! incarnate, bombs, carcaſſes, damnation, let me——

Sir *Wil.* My lord, You miſtake.

Blun. Sir you miſtake, who ever heard of any thing incarnate but the devil incarnate; compare

my

my miſtreſs to the Devil, I'le make him mince meat: I'le blow his duſt into the middle region of the air.

Miſs. You boiſtrous, bluſtering monſter, you're a diſgrace to quality —— get out of my ſight.

Blun. I have opened my trenches before you, madam, and he muſt eat that ſword——

—*Miſs.* Kick it Mr. *Feeble*, kick it.

Blun. Madam, I honour even reproof from you, but for that *poltroon*, by the *eternal furies*—if——

Miſs. Kick it my ſweet *Feeble.*

Blund. If he preſume to touch it—but to touch it, I will write ſcoundrel with the point of it on his Forehead.

Miſs. Mr. *Feeble*, if you love me kick it.

[Feeble *kicks the ſword.*

Blun. Great minds deſpiſe affronts. [Blun. *takes it up and exit.*

Feeb. Bombs, carcaſes, damnation and deſtruction.

Sir *Will.* Mr. *Feeble*, I honour you.

Feeb. None but the brave deſerve the fair —— [*He ſtruts about*] come ladies! *Exeunt.*

Enter Felix *as a Gypſey, with two of Mrs.* Furbelow's *Servants.*

Fel. Quid me tenentem regna ſyderei Poli? ——Sir, where's your miſtreſs?

1*ſt Serv.* Pleaſe to ſend in your name.

Fel. Menaldo Domadaſcar.

Serv. Menaldo, Madagaſcar! Where was you born?

Fel. In Heaven.

Serv. Madam.

Fel. I am Calipſo———Nineteen hundred years I have breath'd this vital air———My father was *Mercurius Triſmeſgiſtus*, and my grandſire a God, the

the Sea-God *Glaucus*. Theſe are not fables, tho' the world diſcredit them.——Have you not read *Pantheon?* I am Sir ſiſter to *Comus*, aunt to *Raymond Lully*, great-grand-mother to *Cornelius Agrippa*, and couſin-german to the ſeven ſtars.

Serv. Merciful heaven, what alliances! Pray, madam, was you ever married?

Fel. To *Hydra*, but the monſter is inconſtant—I am divorc'd—and I am deſtin'd for a mortal.

Serv. O that it were me!

Fel. You ſee in me the type, the prototype, and the architype of all philoſophers; lady-lieutenant of the northern heavens; and cuſtos rotulorum of the conſtellations.——I govern every where—upon the globe I manage *Storms*, *Earthquakes*, and *Electricity*, and in the middle region, thunder.——Below I weild the Sea-God's maſſy trident——and in the ſkies, I am hereditary keeper of the *Ram*, the *Bull*, the *Serpent*,—— *Capricorn*, and the whole menagery of the heavens——I rule throughout.

Where the fierce hunter of the ſkies
——Diſplays his gliſtering zone;
Where reſts the Ram, the Eagle flies,
Where the vaſt Dragon winds——and where
Link'd to the pole the Northern Bear
Erects her ſteadfaſt throne.

None give me half the plague of that *Orion*—— aſtronomers miſtake; and what they call his girdle, is my apron ſtring—I tye him to my waiſt, or in a week he'd not leave us one wild beaſt in all the heavens.

Enter Balloon.

Ball. I have heard of her —— ſtand off —— I am told ſhe is a miracle, madam I have read of *Necromancie Pyromancie* —— *Hydromancie Chyromancie* which do you profeſs?——nineteen hundred!

Fel.

Fel. All —— but leave me if you wou'd know good fortune.

Enter Mrs. Furbelow.

Fur. Me, what does ſhe want with me, I have loſt no ſpoons good woman —— I wan't no conjurer.

Fel. Madam, pleaſe to diſmiſs the Servant —— I have a few words for your private ear, that will be worth your hearing.

Exit Servant.

I have done you a good piece of ſervice yeſterday, and if you pleaſe I will compleat the buſineſs.

Fur. What does the woman mean?

Fel. I am no gypſy but without the ſtars I am conjurer enough to know your ſecrets —— I am —— acquainted with your deſigns upon Mr. *Feeble.*

Fur. Deſigns, woman, my deſigns! deſigns upon Mr. *Feeble*! your an impoſtor, and I'll have you —— here!

Fel. Don't call your people, for you can't hurt *me*: yourſelf and they may!—mind I can make your purpoſes ſucceed, or I can diſcover you, I know 'em all — will you be wiſe and hear one.

Furb. Excuſe me if you pleaſe —— You ſeem a ſenſible, young woman ——

Fel. Oh! madam.

Fur. Pray let me know your hiſtory, poſſibly I may ſerve you.

Fel. A wretched ruin'd creature —— a poor deluded fool! that thought a man might be believ'd. ——

Fur. Aye, you was a *poor* fool indeed then ——

Fel. I loſt my innocence becauſe I loved —— but with my innocence I loſt my lover —— they ſeek it only to deſtroy it, and when the poor game's fallen, they beat another field—forgive my tears —— ——

[*Aſide.*

Fur. Juſt my poor daughter's caſe.—But pray what brought you to this profeſſion?

Fel. Neceſſity.

But in this low condition, I ſtill hate that curſed ſex, and pity the diſtreſs of my own——I found you had a well laid ſcheme upon the old idiot, but I ſaw him waver——I addreſſed myſelf to him in this habit, and he gave ear to me: I fix'd him in your intereſt; and I have foretold him, that if he marry *Rhoda-Mintha*, he will in four months have a peerage.

Fur. Excellent creature——how am I oblig'd to you——

——What ſhall I'll do for you? I'll take you into into my houſe?

Fel. No.

Fur. If you can work him up to marry her to night, I'll give you forty pound.

Fel. I'll undertake to do it——I know I can——but I muſt have a written promiſe of the money.

I'll turn upon theſe wretches all the arts by which they would undo my father, my honoured [*Aſide*, tho' my moſt unnatual father.

Fur. (*writing*) There, I'll make your fortune—I'll make a collection for you at my Rout, and you ſhall have half the money—We'll ſet you up in an *Italian* warehouſe, and they ſhall give you a guinea for a pot of Pomatum to know their fortunes.

Enter the Company.

Blun. My grandmother's grand aunt had her fortune told.

Fel. I told it her.

Miſs. You——why how old are you, madam Rhinoceros?

Fel. Nineteen hundred.

Ball. There, madam, nineteen hundred—ſhew me

me a perſon of ninety, only ninety, that looks like her. I beg pardon, I except the preſent company.

Blun. Nineteen hundred —— harkee, madam, if you were not a woman I'd give you the lye for that.

Fel. And if I were man and gave it you, you'd take it. Am I not a *conjuror?* [*Exit* Ovl.

Enter Sir William.

Sir *Wil.* Madam——a few ſhort queſtions——

Fel. Firſt let me call my ſpirits.

Sir *Wil.* No, no, we ſhan't want 'em——you and I ſhall ſoon underſtand one another.——I am to marry the daughter of that old *dotard*——work him to make a handſome ſettlement.——But there's a baſtard raſcal of a ſon——you are intirely in our intereſt——get me ſome laudanum or arſenic—— and contrive to give it him: I'll give you fifty pounds.

Fel. I know him: and I'll undertake this——— but give me an article for the money, payable at his death.

Sir *Wil.* Fathers may *relent*; old people ſometimes grow weak and feel the calls of nature—— Madam, I'll give it you——*Menaldo Domadaſcar* is your name?——— [*writes.*

Fel. Yes——this will be evidence——O father, father. [*aſide.*

Sir *Wil.* Here, madam, [Felix *reads.*] and much good may it do you.----I've bit the *devil* this time——The money can never be demanded.

Fel. Very well.

Sir *Wil.* I'll bring the wretched blockhead to you. [*Enter* Feeble] O, he is here——My dear, dear Mr. *Feeble*, you have judgment, come and admire with me.

Feeb. Well, but what is this walking mummey, a man, a woman, or a hermaphrodite?

Fel. Neither.

Sir *Wil.* O, my dear friend, a miracle.

Feeb. A miracle, indeed, if ſhe be neither man, woman, or hermaphrodite. I fancy if a vigorous fellow were to examine now———I have a good mind: a vaſt mind to try——Of all my intrigues, altho' they be *innumerable*, I never had an affair with a witch.

Fel. Speak with more reverence, or I'll call down thunder.

Sir *Wil.* Sir, you are a dead man if you don't aſk her pardon; ſhe is a prodigy.

Feeb. Do you really think ſo

Sir *Wil.* Upon my ſoul—no age has ſeen her fellow.

Fel. Leave us together. [*Exit Sir* Wil.

Feeb. Well, madam, Sir, Neuter, what have you to ſay to me?

Fel. Sir, if your eyes are opened, will you ſee?

Feeb. I will——There's ſomething in her manner that———

Fel. If your enemies are ſhewn you, will you avoid them?

Feeb. I will——Madam, you aſtoniſh me.

Fel. If nature calls upon you, will you hear?

Feeb. I promiſe you upon my ſoul and honour.

Fel. Enough——only remember. [*Exit* Felix.

SCENE Opens.

The Rout Room diſcover'd, two Stools at the Upper-end, under an Alcove.

Enter the Company.

[*A knocking at the door*)

Serv. My Lord and Lady *Winter Furrow.*

Furb. This way—this way——if your Ladyſhip pleaſes. My Lord (*Shuffling a pack of cards*) you're very obliging——you do us the greateſt honour. The Orjeat to Mrs. *Shuffle*'s table. Does your Ladyſhip play ſilver or gold? Cakes there to my Lord *Dimple:* and here, *Edward*, take my keys,

put ſome *Roſoli* into my Lady *Lure'ems Lemonade*, I wou'd not for the *earth* her Ladyſhip got the cholick in my houſe --- Oh, pardon me, thoſe ſtools are for their Graces.

Enter Lady *Rantandera, a Black-Boy ſupporting an Umbrella.*

Serv. Lady *Rantandera.*

Furb. Your Ladyſhip is extreamly kind. *Edward*, take Lady *Rantandera*'s umbrella.

Lady. No, Mr. *Edward*, by no means!

Furb. It will heat your Ladyſhip.

Lady. Not at all Madam: it keeps off the breath of the company.

Serv. My Lady Dutcheſs off *Tanter Down*, and the Dutcheſs of *Tare and fair.*

Furb. Oh, it's their *Graces:* it's their *Graces*, this is ſo good of them——pray gentleman make way. Ladies, it is their *Graces*——ſome *Sweatmeats* ——I beg you ladies!——not to crowd, *(they ſeat themſelves on the ſtools)* pray don't heat their *Graces.* Lord, where is *Rhodamintha*? Ladies! O theſe *are lumber.*

Enter Lady Never-Settle.

Serv. My Lady *Never-Settle.*

Furb. Your Ladyſhip!

Lady N. O——lead me to a chair, a couch, a Sopha, I'm fatigued, I'm over come---I'm dead—

Furb. What has diſorder'd your Ladyſhip.

Lady N. Nothing——you dear creature—— I wou'd come to you, but——there's no ſupporting the fatigues of a faſhionable life. I have been at ſixteen routs to night already. But I wou'd come to you: and I have ſeven more that I muſt call at.

Furb. I don't wonder every body wiſhes to have your ladyſhip's company.

Feeb. I hope your ladyſhip has relieves of chairmen.——

Serv.

Serv. My Lady viſcounteſs *Diſhabille.*

Enter Diſhabille.

Diſh. Lord, what do people mean by this?—Invite one to a private party; and here's all the world.

Lady *N.* If you want one I'll play a ſingle rubber,——but let me get breath firſt——I have ſomething to tell you——Lady *Scruple* has been caught with the Groom, you all hear.

Mrs. F. Madam!——

Mrs. *Clive.* In the hay-loft!

Feeb. Now I proteſt this is aſtoniſhing—if it had been one of us—— [*Lady* N. *retires to another part of the room.*

Serv. My lord duke of *Mountain*, and my lord viſcount *Dangle.*

Enter Lords.

Mrs. *Furb.* O, very well, very well. [*aſide.* My lord you oblige us highly—your grace is ſo polite. Mr. *Feeble*,—my lord duke of *Mountain.*

Feeb. Your grace does me a great deal of honour——Stay: ſure madam, my lord duke uſed to be a much taller man, and black.

Furb. I think, indeed, his grace is ſomewhat alter'd——My lord *Dangle*, Mr. *Feeble.*

Feeb. My lord—Zounds, if ever I ſaw my lord *Dangle*——this gentleman——

Furb. Nay, I cannot think his lordſhip in the leaſt alter'd.

Feeb. If I'm alive.

Furb. O Sir, I'll tell you what it is deceives you, you have loſt an eye ſince you were laſt in *London*——and that!

Feeb. O that's it—that's it——my Lord—but you don't think my figure ſuffers by it.

Lady N. *comes forward.*

1ſt. Lady, Dear lady *Never-Settle*, is your ladyſhip engaged for the twelfth of next February.

Lady

Lady N. Let me ſee, dear creature——I ſhall be very glad to come to you——let me ſee.

[*pulls out her pocket-book.*

Sir William *comes forward with Mrs.* Furbelow.

Sir *Will.* Its all done——this company has convinced him you are people of diſtinction; and he'll marry her as ſoon as the Rout is over.

Lady N. *Saturday* 12 February. This is *Wedneſday* (*reading*) 20 *December*. Umh, umh, umh.——Lord, how my poor company's ſought after—I have fourteen engagements for that day—but I'll come. I'll be with you by three in the morning: will that do?—I was at your door yeſterday, lady *Blab*—My lord, you're a fine one—you know what they ſay of the *Richmond* expedition. But I'm ſecret—it ſhall never be known for me.

1*ſt. Lady*. People make ſuch a talking.

Lady N. Stay, let's ſee your hand——an immenſe *Sans prendre*—you can't looſe it—I would play it for fifty pounds a fiſh—ſhe can't win three tricks

[*they play and the Lady looſes.*

3*d Lady*. Madam, I don't underſtand this.

4*th Lady*, I'll not pay the game—ſhe has got the card now in her lap——it's the nine of diamonds.

Lady N. I'm ſorry for you, dear creature, but this is nothing to the ſhock I met with—I loſt a game t'other night that could not be loſt upon the cards—yet I loſt it—my diſtreſs was ſo great, that tho' my poor dear lord, you know has kept his bed this month, and was in the firſt ſleep he had all the time, I order'd him to be waked, and ſent for a pack of cards to ſhew him how I loſt it.

4*th Lady*. I'll not pay it.

Furb. For heaven ſake, ladies don't fright their Graces——

Felix *comes forward.*

Fel. Woman ſtand off——and let me ſhew my father - - - - ——

Sir,

Sir *Will. Felix*, the fortune-teller! nay then all is over.

Brig. You——

Fel. I——and whom among you, villains, have I injur'd——You, Sir, that wou'd have had me disinherited——Is it you——Or you, that wou'd have poison'd me——Do you complain! is it you, Madam, that wou'd have fix'd your infamous daughter on my father. —— O Sir, before you judge of me, read that——upon my knees.——

Feeb. Hah.

Fel. And that! this is your *Noodle*, Prostitute!—— Pardon me, Sir; —— This is the antiquated fool you, Madam, were to prey upon —— This your old dotard, is it not, Sir *William*?——

Feeb. O Monstrous, monstrous!

Fel. And now, you harpies, back to your native caverns, ---- my father knows you.

Feeb. A thousand pounds!——My friend. And *Rhodamintha* at the time his mistress.

Fel. O Sir! your eyes are open, and you see your enemies——

Feel. My boy——my boy. ---- My *Felix!*

Fel. I am over-paid for all.

Feeb. Come to my arms, I have no child but thee.

Fel. And now, Sir, give us leave to celebrate----

Feeb. Not my wedding, boy, thank heaven.

Fel. Sir, Your deliverance.

A Dance by the genteel Charatters of the Rout.

FINIS.